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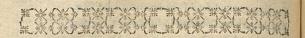
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A Collection Of Poems In Six Volumes. By Several Hands

Dodsley, Robert London, 1758

A Fit of the Spleen. In Imitation of Shakespear. By Dr. Ibbot.

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A Fit of the SPLEEN.

In Imitation of SHAKESPEAR.

By Dr. IBBOT.

AREWEL, vain world! and thou it's vainest part,
O lovely woman! fram'd for man's destruction!
Beauty like nightshade to the seeming wise,
If seen, gives wishes, restless, endless longings;
If tasted, death. Too hard decree of sate,
That life must be a burthen, or must end!

Farewel, vain world! dwelling of ills and fears,
Full of fond hopes, false joys, and sad repentance;
For tho' sometimes warm Fancy lights a fire,
That mounting upwards darts its pointed head
Up, thro' the unopposing air, to heav'n,
Yet then comes Thought, and cold Consideration,
Lame Afterthought with endless scruples fraught,
Benumm'd with tears, to damp the goodly blaze.

Farewel, vain world!—Yet, ere I die, I'll find Contentment's feat, unknown to guilt or forrow; Haste then, for nimble Death pursues me close, Methinks I hear his steps, tho' trod in air;

My

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My fluttering foul feems like a bird entrapp'd,
That beats his wings against the prison walls,
And fain wou'd be at liberty again;
And off the death-watch with ill-boading beats
Hath warn'd me that my time wou'd foon expire,
And that life's thread, ne'er to be wound up more,
Wou'd by the spring of fate be quickly drawn
To its full stretch—Haste then, and let me find
A shelter, that may shut out noise and light,
Save one dim taper, whose neglected snuss,
Grown higher than the slame, shall with its bulk
Almost extinguish it; no noise be there,
But that of falling water, friend to thought.

Hail, gloomy fhade! th' abode of modefly
Void of deceit; no glittering objects here
Dazzle the eyes; and thou, delightful Silence,
Silence, the great Divinity's difcourse!
The angels' language, and the hermits' pride,
The help of waking wisdom, and its food;
In thee philosophers have justly plac'd
The sovereign good; free from the broken vows,
The calumnies, reproaches, and the lies
Of which the noisy babbling world complains.

* So the struck deer, with some deep wound opprest, Lies down to die, the arrow in his breast; There hid in shades, and wasting day by day, Inly he bleeds, and pants his life away.

HYMN



Ty

^{*} These four lines are Said to be added by Mr. POPE.